The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

A Heart Tribute,

IN MEMORY OF MISS NANCY MC'LENNAN, OF LOWELL.

We shall miss thee, darling Nannie,—
Can we lay thee in the dust?
When we see our loved ones dying,
Oh, how hard to think it just!
As we watched thee calmly waiting
For the summons from on high,
Then it seemed our hearts were breaking,
And we could not let thee die.

Thou art gone from care and sorrow,
To the realms of endless day,—
As in silence we are mourning,
Our dear loved one seems to say,
"Parents, brother, sister, for me
Do not grieve nor shed a tear;
For with Jesus, blessed Saviour,
I am far more happy here."

Cease thy weeping and thy sorrow,—
Do not think of her as dead;
For she's gone to him in heaven,
Care and pain forever fled.
Tho' the grave seems dark and dreary,
'Tis but there her body rests;
For her spirit lives with Jesus,
With the ransomed ones and blest.

Oh, how happy when we're thinking
Of the friends who've gone before,
As we down life's stream are floating,
They will meet us on the shore!
Oh, how joyous then the greeting,
In that world of light and love!
Cease thy sorrow and thy grieving,
For we all shall meet above.

N. M. S.

The crown cannot be worn
Till the cross has been borne;
First was Christ crucified,
Then was Christ glorified.

For the Myrtle.

Talks About the Birds.

It is very early morning, and although awake, you have not yet arisen from your pillow. But it is a fresh June morning, and your window is dropped, and you are near a field or grove. There is a wide-awake orchestra not far away, in sweet tune and in full action. What a variety of song! sparrow, robin, wren, oriole, fly-catcher, wood-thrush, pewee, and how many and what others you can scarcely tell. From the faintest twitter or chirp, you may run up the variety till you reach the richest and loudest and longest strains of the leaders in this glorious morning choir. They are merrily welcoming in the day, and are taking time for it before the sun is up from behind the hills. When his beams are fairly abroad, they become more separated or less inclined to sing in chorus. After this recreation they have family business to attend to, and sing afterwards through the day as inclination and leisure may prompt them. Thanks for their morning salutations and inspirations. They who hear these bird concerts of the opening day ought to be the better for it until the next morning comes round.

Again let us go bird-hunting. What of the

Sparrow kind? Everybody who knows birds knows the sparrow; but not many persons know the varieties of the bird which are about us. There is the White-crowned, the White-throated, the Field, the Cheeping (chip-bird), the Song-Sparrow. The field-sparrow is most generally known to the young folks who take particular notice of the birds. It frequents orchards and fields and builds its nest on or near the ground. It is a rich and cheerful singer, its song resembling that of the canary. Wilson, the ornithologist, calls him the grass-finch. He sings mostly after sunset, when other birds are silent, for which reason he has been called the vesper-sparrow. He has a queer way of running and skulking a few yards in advance of you as you may be walking in the field near where he has his nest. I used to wonder when a boy why the field-sparrow built its nest on the plain ground without so much as a bush or tuft of grass to shelter it. But some birds think of what others do not. There are certain sly poachers called skunks and foxes who are often hunting in these very sheltered places for birds or mice, while they would be likely to pass by a nest that was in an open field.

The little "chip" is common everywhere except in woods, and is very social, coming into yards and even piazzas for food. Kind-hearted children are fond of feeding them with crumbs and other things which they like. These birds do not build nests on the ground like the field-sparrow. Of all the sparrow tribe they are most neighborly with mankind. The song-sparrow's melody is exceedingly sweet, and is heard at all hours of the day. It nests both on the ground and in bushes. It goes South in winter, and seldom approaches houses nearer than gardens or orchards.

What is that mewing? Is it cat or kitten? Neither, but the Cat-bird — a singular fellow, too. Is that his song, do you ask? No, that is only his sharp squalling. His song is another kind of music entirely. Do you know that Cattie is one of the most versatile and musical of songsters? Why, he is a veritable mocking-bird, and will imitate almost any other bird-song he hears. Those who have looked after him most carefully and constantly have heard at times rare music from him. He is a noisy, intrusive neighbor, and does not care to have you more interested in the song of any other bird than in his own; and if he thinks you are thus employed in your attentions, he will pour out his own strains all the more earnestly to drown those of your favorite and secure your special hearing. A fussy bird is he, with great self-assurance; but we should not like to miss him from the great orchestral company of the feathered ones who cheer us with their summer songs. The cat-bird makes enemies of the farmers because of his excessive love of their ripe cherries, and is often shot by them in the midst of his depredations.

Do you know of the birds called the Fly-catchers? If not, look after them. They are about in our woods during the summer months. The song of the Red-eyed Fly-catcher is as rich as that of the robin, and somewhat more lively. He is not seen in the open fields, but sings almost incessantly from the thick boughs of tall oaks and elms in the forests. Still he visits populous places, and is heard from the high trees in and about our cities. His nest is a kind of basket hanging from a forked branch by the edges. It is a model of nice and strongly woven mechanism.

There is also the Warbling Fly-catcher, a brother to the red-eye. His song, although less vigorous than that of the other, is smoother and sweeter. It is a gentle, warbling, melting strain. He seldom comes near the city, and builds his nest in the high branches of some oak or elm. There are the White-eye and Red-start belonging to the fly-catcher tribe, and others so little known as to have no popular name. The red-start is a handsome little bird, and his note is much like that of the gold-finch or yellow-bird. These birds, as their name signifies, live chiefly on flies, mosquitoes, and the bug tribe, and so make these insects somewhat less than they otherwise would be. And yet no good housewife in August would suppose from the armies of flies about her home, that there were so many bird-bills at work for their destruction. Nature, however, is often very free and exuberant in her supplies, and can afford flies enough for all the birds, with a surplus as visitors and enliveners of human homes.

I have spoken of the field or ground-sparrow. Do you know of the Ground-Robin also? There is such a bird. He is sometimes called Chewink or Towhee-Bunting. He builds a nest in the ground, perhaps at the foot of a pine-tree, and keeps near the earth scratching among the bushes and lighting on the lower branches of

the cedar or stunted pine. When the female bird is frightened from her nest, she will run a few yards and alight, and make a quick and mournful cry, "Towhee! towhee!" repeated at short intervals. In their singing exercises these birds will repeat and answer each other the same note for a long time together. Sometimes, however, their song is more lively and melodious.

I hear other bird-notes, but I will not speak of the singers now, but close what I have to say with a little bird sermon which a good minister in England said he heard a bird once preaching to him:

"I was in the act of kneeling down before the Lord my God, when a little bird, in the lightest, freest humor, came and perched near my window, and thus preached to me, all the while hopping about from spray to spray: 'O thou grave man, look on me, and learn something, if not the deepest lesson, then a true one. Thy God made me, and the like of me; and if thou canst conceive it, loves me and cares for me. Thou studiest him in great problems, which oppress and confound thee; thou losest sight of one-half of his ways. Learn to see thy God, not in great mysteries only, but in me also. His burden on me is light, his yoke on me is easy; but thou makest burdens and yokes for thyself which are very grievous to be borne. I advise thee not only to see God in little things, but to see little, cheerful, sportive things *in God*, as well as great, solemn, awful things.'"

Rev. John G. Adams.

A Lord in the Family.

A pompous, silly school-boy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and, having exhausted his topics, he turned with an important air, and asked one of his school-fellows, —

"Are there any 'lords' in *your* family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one, at least; for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder brother."

The boy was right; and, as he grew up, it was his privilege to know more of this elder brother, and to tell to famishing multitudes the tidings of his grace.

Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family, and who know him as their elder brother and their everlasting friend.

Sunday School Messenger.

For the Myrtle.

A Song.

Up in the vines before my door,
Where the buds are bright and the roses glad,
A little robin doth sing and soar,
But her wing is slow and her song is sad.

When the sun shines out in early day,
With a soft gold lustre on every rose,
The little songster will flutter and sing,
But never an hour in its warmth repose.

Say, little robin, up in the vines,
What hath saddened your musical song?
Do you envy me the merry times
I have when I play with my babe so long?

And why do you sit in this network of vines
Alone, with such grief in your scarlet breast?
Have you no mate that is loyal and kind,
No birdling babes in some downy nest?

You make no reply to my questioning tongue,
Only that lonely, desolate tune
That falls on my heart as the pattering rain
Falls on the tender blossoms of June.

Alas, little songster, I cannot tell
What cruel fate hath saddened your glee;
But as long as the vines and roses are gay,
Come, little red-breast, and sing to me.

E. M. M. G.

Rain From Heaven.

Once a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with eighteen shillings for a Missionary Society.

"How did you collect so much — is it all your own?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for him; and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen, and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting *rain water* and selling it to washwomen for a halfpenny a bucket; that is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love for your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh, no, sir! please not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but Him; I should like it to be put down as Rain from heaven."

Song of the Cherry Girl.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks;
There is sunshine on the old gray hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere.

Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or, seated in the deep, cool shade, at some tall cherry's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?

They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see;
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.

When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine—
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bind-weed and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.

And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.

Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil, calm delights;
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—sweet summer, come again.

For the Myrtle.

Rolly's Dinner-Party.

"AUNTIE, may I have some bread and butter?"

This was not such an uncommon request from Rolly as to startle Auntie at all, although he rushed into the house with red cheeks and panting breath to say it.

She answered pleasantly, "If you *can* wait two minutes until I get this seam done, I suppose you may."

While he waited, Rolly sidled up to her and looked very good and pleading. "And may I have it on a plate, and three cakes on another, and some more things?"

Auntie laughed. "Are you so hungry as that? or have you got a regiment to feed?"

"Why, Tommy is over here; I want to give Tommy some."

"Well, why not bring Tommy in and let me give him a lunch too?"

"No, no," said Rolly, dancing round; "we want it out of doors! I want *lots* of things so to have Tommy to dinner."

"Oh, that's it," said Auntie. "Well, it isn't dinner-time yet, and I'm afraid your mother'd think you'd break things."

"No, she wouldn't," said Rolly. "She lets us, and so does Tommy's mother."

"Very well," said Auntie as she went; "but you must be careful and not break the plates."

She smiled to herself as she fixed Rolly's little dinner, some rolls and cold meat and cakes on small plates, and preserves in Rolly's china cup, and tiny plates and spoons to go with it. All these she piled up so Rolly could carry them, and told him to be sure and bring them right in when their dinner was done.

After this, Auntie got ready to go out for a walk. As she was going down the path she heard a merry chattering and laughing in the back yard, and looked through the shrubbery to see what the fun was.

There were Tommy and Rolly with their table set out on the top of a half-barrel that was drawn up in front of an old log; and Rolly was saying,

"Now, Tommy, play you was just home from California and I'd made a big dinner-party at my hotel. You just rap as loud as you can on that barrel."

Tommy rapped, and Rolly shouted "Come in!" and then he sprang forward and shook his hand almost off. "Why, Tom Howard!" said he, "how do you do, and when did you get back? We've been looking for you every day. Why, you haven't grown old a bit! Come in, sir, come in; only a few friends come to my hotel to see you. Mr. Brown, Mr. Howard. Mr. Smith, Mr. Howard. Mr. Packard, Mr. Howard." And "Mr. Howard" went around and shook hands with the bushes.

"Take a seat at the head of the table, sir," said Rolly.

They both sat down on the log, and Rolly was just beginning to carve, when his big brother Dick came stealing up all bent over and trembling, with his hat in his hand.

"Please, gentlemen," whimpered he, "could ye give me a bit of bread to keep me childern from shtarving?"

"Oh, he's an old beggar-man," whispered Rolly; and Tommy said, in a very fierce voice, "Why don't you go to work and earn your bread, same as we have to?"

"Oh," said Dick, holding up one foot, "I lost me leg at the battle o' Waterloo, and I had a ball through me stomach, and I've got the rheu

matiz, and I've got five childern, and I can't earn anything at all at all. Please, gentlemen."

"Well," said Rolly, "we haven't any money for you, but we never send anybody away hungry," and he was just going to give Dick the very biggest cake, when Tommy cried out, "A thief! a thief! he's stealing the spoons!"

"O you old cheat!" cried Rolly, "we'll put you out of this hotel pretty quick!"

Dick ran with the spoons, and both boys after him. But alas, as they jumped they hit the tub, and over went the china cup with the preserves, smash on the ground.

They heard the smash, and thought no more about the thief. Dick brought the spoons back, and all three looked sorrowfully on the mischief. Tommy's lip began to quiver a little, for he it was who hit the tub.

"Auntie'll take my head off," said Rolly.

They heard a merry laugh, and there was Auntie looking over the fence.

"Auntie's dreadful, isn't she? You come into the house and see."

She met him at the door, and just went and got a little white bowl full of preserves and put in his astonished hands. "Never mind the cup," said she; "Dick shall get you another. Just set your table right over it and begin again. And don't let in any more beggar-men. I'll take this one right off and put him in jail, where he won't steal any more spoons or break cups."

She called Dick and took him off down the path, while Rolly looked after them with shining eyes, and said to Tommy, "Don't you wish *you* had an auntie?"

This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine of a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

What is the surest course for a young man to pursue, that he may be certain of the approbation of God, and the esteem of his fellow-men? Let him make the Scriptures the guide of his conduct, and he cannot fail in securing the desired end.

Tell Mamma.

Have you learned any plays,
Johnnie dear?" asked mamma,
As Johnnie came home
With a smile and a dimple.
"I'm going to learn one,
To-morrow," he said,
"That little Dick Perch says
Is pretty and simple."

"But what is it called, dear?"
Asked smiling mamma;
For Johnnie was neither profound
Nor yet fluent.
"And perhaps I can help you,
My wee little man."
"Why this, dear mamma,—
'Tis to learn to *play truant!*"

"Oh, dear!" cried his mother,
And looked very sad;
"My poor little baby,
I see, to my sorrow,
That the wolf has come after
My innocent lamb,
And would teach him his first
Wicked lesson to-morrow.

Don't go with him, darling;
He'll lead you astray;
He would teach you to lie
And to steal, my boy bonnie;
And always be sure
Tell mamma what they say—
All the bad, naughty plays
That would ruin my Johnnie."

So Johnnie, each day,
Went alone to mamma,
And she kept his heart pure,
With her prayers and her pleading;
Like Christ, she has taken
Her lamb in her arms,
And her one little gift
To God's presence is leading.

Mary A. Denison.

God Loves Me.

God cares for every little child
That on this large earth liveth;
He gives them homes and food and clothes
And more than these God giveth,—

He gives them all their loving friends;
He gives each child its mother;
He gives them all the happiness
Of loving one another;

He makes the earth all beautiful;
He makes thine eyes to see;
And touch and hearing, taste and smell,
He gives them all to thee.

What can a little child give God?
From his bright heaven above
The great God smiles, and reaches down
To take his children's love.

Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

We have further accounts of the observance of Children's Sunday on the 25th.

At Salem the services were extraordinary in interest and in beautiful arrangement. The description of decorations, though lengthy, we give for the benefit of other schools:

"The whole of the interior of the large building resembled an arbor of varied floral and vernal coloring.

The construction of the church admits of an effective display, and every advantage was taken of this, to ensure a successful result. A large arch rested against the wall back of the pulpit, around which, in handsome letters in evergreen, were the words, 'He took little children in his arms and blessed them.' The arch rested upon bases inscribed 1829 and 1871, the first being the date of the organization of the school. Immediately in front of this, stretching across the church, hung heavy festoons of evergreen, and from their central point of fastening a very large and magnificent star was suspended close to the ceiling. This was composed of numerous richly-tinted flowers, producing a most brilliant effect.

Dependent from the key of the arch hung a large and finely-wrought anchor and chain delicately wreathed in folds of green. Every spot within and around the pulpit upon which anything could stand appeared one surface of fragrant flowers, admirably arranged and combined. In front of the pulpit rested a cross covered with evergreen and dotted over with white rosebuds; these were for presentation to the candidates for baptism. In front of the cross the font was placed — this was prepared with singular appropriateness. A number of rocks massed upon the floor, protruding through saturated moss, supported a rustic shaft; upon this rested the cup, its sides submerged in dripping moss, while the cup was nearly filled with lilies and other aquatic flowers and trailing vines pendent from its sides.

The water used for the service was brought from the River Jordan by a former parishioner of the pastor who visited Palestine last summer. This fact afforded peculiar interest to the ceremonies, especially to those who immediately participated. Upon the eight panels of the side galleries were the words, Faith, Hope, Charity, — Truth, Love, Praise, Prayer, Peace, wrought with fine green leaves and bordered with the same material. Fronting the orchestra were the mottoes, 'God our Father, Christ our Saviour,' finished in like style. Massive festoons of evergreen hung across the rear of the church, and between the supporting pillars; all of the latter were wreathed with it above and below. Upon the gas shades, fifty or more in number, rested small glasses containing water filled with fragrant flowers, and over their sides hung a profusion of money plant or the more delicate smilax. At every sweep of the festooning were suspended uniformly sized rustic baskets, filled also with fresh flowers, their sides ornamented with draperied plants swaying to every touch of air. At the head of every festoon were two bright red moss roses, fastened to leaves of bright green, giving to the whole a striking and beautiful appearance.

Added to the rest were numerous baskets and vases of rare and beautiful flowers distributed about the church wherever a shelf or any space large enough to hold one could be found. Some of the vases when filled stood full three feet high, the most refined taste being displayed in the arrangement of their contents."

The rite of baptism was administered to thirty children, more than half the number infants. The whole service was given to the children. Singing by the children, address by the pastor, hymn by the pastor's wife, presentation of emblems from different classes to the pastor, presentation of memorial cards to *every member of the school*, were among the exercises. These cards were made in chromo for the occasion, and bore upon one side the cross and a motto, on the other a record of the day with the fac-simile signatures of pastor and superintendent.

At Gloucester the services were in every way pleasing and impressive. Morning and afternoon were devoted to the children, the church being crowded on both occasions. The dedication of children took place in the forenoon, and a Sabbath School service, with addresses by present and former officers, in the afternoon. Three original hymns by James Davis, Esq., the pastor, Rev. Mr. Eddy, and Miss Sarah G. Duley, added to the interest of the occasion.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The 25th was Children's Sunday at Nashua. The church was made most attractive with flowers, and the Sunday School occupied the galleries and aided in the service. Twenty-seven children and youths received the rite of baptism. At the close of the service wreaths of flowers were borne to the graves of former members of the school who had deceased and were buried near. In the evening a very interesting Sunday School Conference was held.

VERMONT.

At Brattleboro the observance was on the 25th. The church was beautifully decorated; the pulpit completely enveloped with one mass of roses and lilies. Thirty-six children were baptized, after which service the pastor gave a brief discourse on what the Church can do for the Children. The day was delightful — a perfect day — and all went from the church feeling that they had been drawn nearer to heaven by sight of the consecration of so many little children.

NEW YORK.

The 11th was celebrated at Troy. It was the third annual observance, and had greater interest and beauty than ever before. The Sunday School occupied a part of the body of the church, and on either side were the children of the Orphan Home who had been invited to participate in the exercises. At the close these children each received a bouquet as a token of welcome from the school. The christening service was of great interest, and the address of the pastor listened to with great attention by the little ones. We have the following description of the decorations:

"The church was beautifully and appropriately decorated with evergreens and flowers, wrought into various symbols, and arranged to produce the most pleasing effect. On the rear wall over the pulpit was a large arch, bearing this inscription, 'And they brought little children unto Him,' in large letters of evergreen, inwrought with flowers. Under this arch, suspended on the rear wall, and directly over the central chair, was a large cross entirely covered with evergreens, in which were beautifully arranged twenty-two large bouquets, the offerings of the teachers of the school. No words can express the pleasing effect of this beautiful symbol. On either side of this cross two large shields with dark green ground, encircled with evergreens and flowers, contained these inscriptions: 'Christ loves us,' and 'Love one another.' The pulpit was garlanded with flowers, arranged in the most pleasing manner. In front a beautiful evergreen cross, entwined with white roses, and on either side large urns and cones and vases of flowers, produced the most pleasing effect on the beholder. In front of the orchestra and on the organ were crosses and wreaths and baskets of flowers, and the chandeliers on either side of the church were decked in the same manner. On the whole it was the most unique and beautiful arrangement we have ever seen."

— The school at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, is reported as "a very interesting one" of eighty pupils. It is under the pastoral care of Rev. A. McArthur, whose wife and daughters are among its most efficient teachers. The Tuesday after Easter a Bazaar was held for its benefit, which netted about three hundred dollars.

— From the annual report of the Sabbath School in Tyngsboro, we learn that the past year has been one of prosperity to the school. The gain of scholars has been twenty, making the whole number sixty. A class of young men has been formed during the year, also a Bible Class of about thirty. The library has been renovated, and now contains three hundred and four volumes. $27 was received by penny collections last year. This is a spirited school for one of its numbers and means.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLIV.

PART III.

JESUS SENDS HIS DISCIPLES TO PREACH TO THE ISRAELITES.

"They forsook all, and followed him."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. x. 23–42.

Question. — When the disciples encountered persecution in any city, what were they to do?

Answer. — Matt. x. 23.

Q. — What did Jesus assure them should take place before they had preached in all the cities of Israel?

A. — Matt. x. 23.

NOTE. The coming of the Son of man is a phrase used to denote an unusual manifestation of divine power. The Jewish kingdom was to pass away and the Christian kingdom was to be established; and is represented to come when these great events occur. See Matt. xxiv. 14, 34; Mark xiii. 26, 30; Luke xxi. 27, 32; John xxi. 21–23.

Q. — Were the disciples to expect worse things to be said of them than had been said of their Master?

A. — Matt. x. 25.

Q. — Would their preaching bring to the surface what was worst and what was best in men?

A. — Matt. x. 26.

NOTE. Some persons seem very good until something nobler than they can appreciate asks their acceptance and aid. Then the hidden narrowness, selfishness or other bad quality is revealed. And some persons first show how great and good they have been when they accept some great truth and labor for it.

Q. — Were the disciples to be open and bold in their preaching?

A. — Matt. x. 27.

Q. — Whom were they to fear?

A. — Matt. x. 28.

NOTE. The word which is here translated "hell," is "gehenna" in the original. The first translation of the Scriptures was made for those Israelites who, having been born in foreign lands and having continued to reside there, had lost knowledge of the Hebrew language. The valley of Hinnom, or the valley of the son or children of Hinnom, is a deep glen to the south of Jerusalem where the Jews in their idolatry offered their children to Moloch. 2 Chron. xxviii. 3; xxxiii. 6; Jer. vii. 31; xix. 2–6. The place was defiled by King Josiah. 2 Kings xxiii. 10, 14. For his purpose in putting bones into these places, see Numb. xix. 16. Ever after this, the place was regarded as unholy by the Jews, and was used for a place of deposit for all the filth of the great city of Jerusalem. The bodies of criminals that were denied burial were thrown there; and fires were kept constantly burning to destroy the filth. In translating the Hebrew scriptures into Greek, there was no name for the valley of Hinnon to be found in the Greek language. The translators therefore made a word to express it at nearly as possible, and they made it "ge," son, "henna," Hinnom.

In the text the Saviour warns his diciples not to fear men who, when they have done the worst they can, have only destroyed the body, but rather to fear him who has power to destroy the soul also. We are not to conclude that he will exercise his power for such a purpose, for the Saviour intends to show the superiority of God to man.

Q. — What does Christ immediately tell his diciples that God uses his great power for?

A. — Matt. x. 29.

NOTE. A farthing was equal to about three fourths of a cent.

Q. — How much greater and tenderer would God's care be of them?

A. — Math. x. 30.

Q. — In view of this truth were they to fear or not to fear to do their duty as ambassadors of Christ?

A. — Math. x. 31.

Enigma.

Out of Chaldea,
Away to Canaan,
My first the Lord did call;
A youthful shepherd,
My second played
Upon a harp for Saul.

My third a priest,
Who made an idol,
At foolish people's word;
My fourth a prophet
And law-giver,
And brother of my third.

Answers.

No. 2. John; Anna; "Eldest Servant;" Lazarus. Jael.

JULY 8. No. 1. Gideon; Aaron; Lebanon; Asaph; Thomas; Isaac; Abraham. Galatia.

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